

P. Councils
in
Winnipeg
(See page 7)

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Events

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councils
at

Sunday, April 9th

Sunday, April 16th

and Mrs. Morris

April 16th

McLean

April 15th to 17th

April 18th

April 19th

April 20th and 21st

April 22nd to 24th

April 25th

April 26th

April 27th

April 28th

April 29th and 30th

May 1st

May 2nd

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May 23rd

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April 1st, 2nd and 3rd

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May 4th

May 5th

May 6th to 8th

May 14th

May 18th and 19th

May 20th and 21st

May 22nd

Smith

April 5th

April 8th-14th

April 15th-20th

April 22nd-24th

April 27th

April 29th-30th

Larsen

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April 10th-16th

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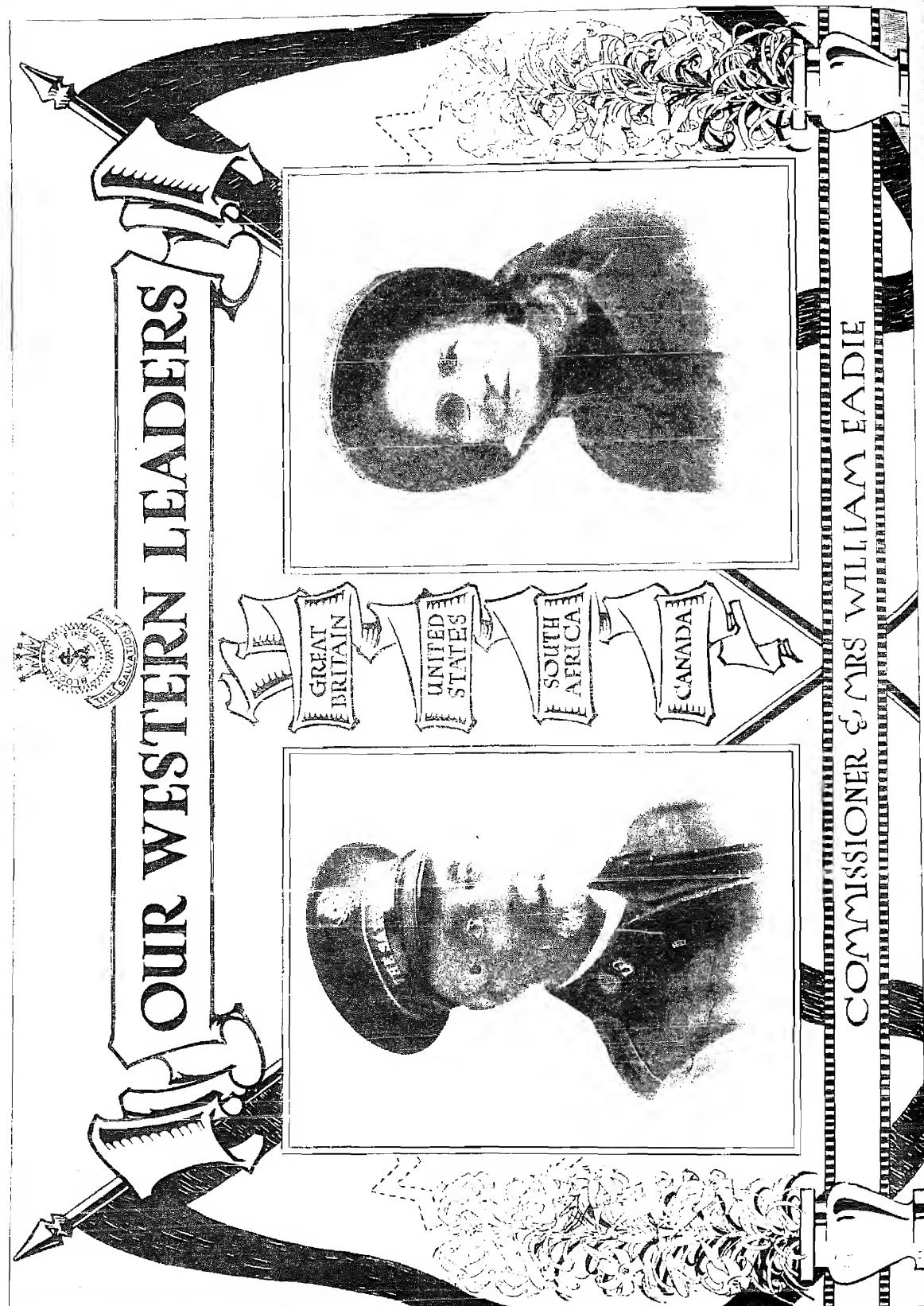
THE EASTER WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST & ALASKA

NO. 98 PRICE 10¢

WINNIPEG APRIL 15TH 1922





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Easter Echoes

Royal Guarantee of Victory

By Envoy William Neill, Winnipeg.

THIE value to the individual of the tragedy consummated on Golgotha's Hill is the measure of its value to the world.

From the Manger to Calvary, Christ had always envisaged the ignominy and shame of those last hours, yet He flinched not, and in this He displayed that marvelous courage which is absolutely essential to a victorious life.

In His patient forbearance—when in the Garden His disciples slept instead of watching with Him; when Judas greeted Him with the kiss of betrayal; when Peter denied Him and the Jews did despite to Him; when in the last awful moment on the Cross God turned His face away from Him as being the embodiment of sin, upon which He could not look—we have amazing evidence of the sustaining power of the grace of God.

That in such terrible circumstances and amid such surroundings the Saviour should find "grace abounding" to sustain Him is *the royal guarantee to His followers that they can do all things through His grace*.

The one great hope for mankind lay in the ability of Christ to overcome and conquer death. In the days of His flesh, Christ had manifested power over death, when He revived the daughter of the ruler-Jairus; restored the son of the widow of Nain and brought again from the tomb the well-loved brother of the Sisters of Bethany. But the prophets of God, in their day, had wrought marvels similar to these. It remained for Christ to prove His claim as "Redeemer of the World."

In foretelling His own death and declaring that on the third day He would rise again, the Saviour displayed supreme confidence in God's great plan for the liberation of mankind, and it was this confidence that enabled Him to face and endure the shameful death of the Cross; that He might thereby overcome and conquer death, defeating its power to hold Him longer than He willed, even three days. So when the disciples visited the tomb on "the morning of the third day" we hear the angel on guard exclaim: "It is not here. He is risen, even as He said."

By His victory over death, Christ made possible to every individual, who through faith in His name lays claim, the forgiveness of sins, regeneration, and a new life.

To know the power of His all-conquering resurrection it is necessary to share the fellowship of His sufferings, bearing the cross and despising the shame, and having made complete surrender to the will, to die unto self and sin that we may rise in newness of life, being made new creatures in Christ Jesus. There is no other way.

The Secret of Easter

By Envoy William A. Hartley, Calgary.

EASTER-TIME saw my enrolment under the Colors at Charlottetown, no small endearing item. Easter memories date back to boyhood, when mother and father sang in the village choir, and I can hear them now re-hearing.

"Raise your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and men shall not die."

In my early twenties, in Boston, I watched the Easter worshippers gather at Phillips Brooks' church; saw within, those literal bowers of lily blooms; heard heavenly anthems, and the Easter story told with inspired and inspiring eloquence by that since-sainted servant of the Master. Twenty-five years ago, a Canadian Officer, then Ensign Ethel Galt, sang on Easter Sunday afternoon:

"All around the empty grave, let us shout for joy."

We are going to live again, never more to die."

Strange how the weaving of personality, speech or song, with a theme, will re-create it for us, but the singer's happy vein brought a new Easter revelation. Not that I had never been entranced before,—on the contrary; for as a choir-master for years, music and song had lent familiar and happy wing to its true interpretation, and there was sympathetic response in my soul.

For years after enrolment, and until leaving Charlottetown, I had taken my folding organ into the Hospital wards. It was indeed a compensating sight to note suffering features re-lit, and hear voices raised from many a cot, joining the Salvation songs, specially at Christmas and Easter.

Easter in Winnipeg,—at the old Coffee House, with Dick Parsons; at the Sunday morning Police Court; at the Jail; Easter at Calgary,—at the old Mounted Barrack, with Jim Miller and Jim Proctor. One Easter here behind the scenes, fighting for very life, yet given a lyric and a song.

The recollections are impersonal, except as they may bear on The Secret.

The Sequel to Christmas?

Do we expend spiritual reserves of vision and power on the Festival and the Theme, and miss something else of equal or greater value, close at hand? For practical living, in a practical world, is *Easter only the Sequel to Christmas?* And are these two great and wonderful celebrations to remain such only? How long the world lived unconscious of latent forces all around, alongside, that mean to-day telephone, electric light, and a thousand scientific aids and conveniences of life. Are we likewise living alongside great Christian truths which remain un-translated into actual life and action?

THE SECRET

We believe that the Adored One was not the only one who rose from the dead—He was the first-fruits. We believe that every death implies and is a resurrection. We believe in the immortality of the soul. But—*have we missed it*—do we believe we are *immortal now*; and further, that our resurrection to newness of life and to service to our fellows is an *accomplished present fact*, in a practical sense, the more important?

Here is the secret of Easter—we are *now raised*, and should be fulfilling the true functions of true life.

Let it nevermore be just a calendar date; nor even a glorious elemental Christian fact, a cherished immortal hope. But let it be a worthy First Chapter of our Book of Life, whose further pages write themselves as we perform the services to which the eternities invite.

Power of His Resurrection

By Adjutant Charles Tutte, Regia.

RESURRECTION Power is power over death. We look on "The Resurrection" as the grand proof of Christ's Divinity; the criterion of His ministry; the foundation of our hopes of victory and heaven. It is the bed-rock principle on which the great church of Christ is built. But this Power reaches farther than even that. If Resurrection Power is power over death, it is also *power over life*.

This resurrection power is life-imparting. Life which could overcome death must be the same power that gave its life—physical life. This is the God we have worshipped from the beginning as Creator, our Father. How transcendently great is the thought that not only is He the Author of physical life but He is the Producer, Author and Originator of that life which He said would be "in you a well of water springing up." Quality as well as quantity.

God who generated life in the soul has power to sustain it. Paul fits thought into words in his own inimitable way: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." God will put within us sustaining power to keep unsighted from the world.

Who Temptations assail; when sorrow and bereavement overwhelm; when humbled, afflicted, persecuted, harassed, Resurrection Power will prevail over death and the life of God will be sustained in our souls.

The grandeur of spiritual life as enjoyed by the true child of God is far beyond the bounds of human expression; the wonders of God's grace in sustaining us in His most precious gifts has called forth floods of eloquence, but what voice can tell, what pen describe, what heart frame adequate expression of the greatest of all powers God has committed to man: the power to become a worker with Him in re-producing the life of God in the hearts of sinning, suffering people around us. The Creator depicts marvelous power to men. The Life-giver brings sinful men back to His own image by putting upon them—in them—His Spirit and enabling them to reproduce in others what He has done in them. Oh! What a power is this! The Maker allows the work of His hands-power to make. The Author of our Salvation imparts the power to achieve His own work, so that we can feel His power working in and through us.

Reader, has this vision of Power dawned upon you? Has the glory and joy of saving men yet flooded your soul? It is divine to enter into an intimate partnership with the Eternal God. This is what it meant to the Apostle "to know Him and the power of His resurrection." What does it mean to you?

THE DAWN

A Dream Of The Long Ago

A Conceivable Story of One of The Lepers Miraculously Healed by The Great Physician

By Captain LeRoy DeBevoise

GREAT Spirit over all—take our thanks for Thy care over us this day, and for this our daily bread." These words were uttered in unison by three devout worshippers.

The evening repast finished, a maiden of twenty two summers stepped through the low doorway of a peasant's hut into an outer garden. The glowing red of a Palestine sunset cast its spell of beauty over garden and damsel alike, revealing both in the perfect splendor that the Great Father had ordained. The maiden was a Jewess, Joanna by name, and lived with her aged parents in Nebo, beyond Jordan. Her large violet eyes were curtained by slightly drooping lids and her stature was as stately as the palm tree. The glow of the evening sunlight was wrapped in the folds of her hair, and the blush of the pomegranate colored her cheeks. Is it any wonder, therefore, that she seemed to be an essential part of her beautiful surroundings? Joanna approached a cluster of milk-white lilies, and for a moment stood looking into their upturned smiling faces.

Stooping, she plucked the largest and most beautiful lily of them all.

"Oh Lily white," she said, "you seem so happy and contented. But then, you are in your right place. You are just where the Creator wants you to be. Why shouldn't you be happy?" She paused and waited answer.

The Lily smiled and said—nothing.

"Look at me, my Lily friend," she continued. "I'm but a miserable misfit. I'm not worth a shekel to anybody. I wish I were a man, Lily. If I were, I'd run away, why I'd—I'd conquer worlds, I would!"

Just then a crimson sunbeam kissed the white face of the Lily. The petals changed color from spotless white to a glory hue. Joanna too, faced the beckoning sunset. And these two communed in the twilight.

"Dear little Miss Lily, can you calm my questioning heart and tell me what's there?" she questioned as she pointed to the horizon silhouetted so clearly against the sunlight's crimson bars. "Tell me, what's on the other side?"



What's on the other side? That is the eternal question.

"Beyond the sunlight's crimson bars; Beyond the twilight and the stars—" What?" The enchanting sunset, the challenging horizon, the silent unresponsive Lily invited the query. Ever since our first parents discovered the desolation and curse outside Eden's gates—that has been the world's interrogation. "On the other side—what?" All the tragedy and pathos of a world are crammed into it. And now Joanna would know. She would discover the unknown; she would catch one satisfying glimpse of the beyond.

"What's on the other side?" she again insistently asked the dumb flower.

All the pent-up passion of twenty-two years burst forth in her as the answer came. "Jerusalem's on the other side. The City of your fathers' people; the City of God; the City of Life." And before the gaze of this innocent girl an unseen evil spirit passed all the tantalizing allurements and seductive decoys of a great city.

Under the subtle influence of this demon spirit the maid trembled, dropped the taciturn Lily among the brambles—and fled.

She faced the sunset. What's on the other side? She would find out.

And she did! * * *

The dim light of an oil lamp flickered softly through the lattice window. An aged mother had trimmed that little lamp faithfully, and every night at sundown placed it there. All down the dark night hours the feeble rays glimmered through the lattice and made plain a winding pathway leading to the house. Within, a shadow could be seen moving about. The sound of broken sobs drifted out upon the cool night air.

There stood a mother and father—heads bowed in reverence—silent tears coursing down their cheeks. Just a moment they stood thus beside a low cot. They had stood in that way every night—since she left. Then the woman stooped and tenderly turned back the corner of the cover as if to prepare for a guest.

"Oh Asa, is there no hope? Will our Joanna never return to the home of her childhood?" the woman pathetically appealed.

"Jehovah is good, Lydia. He cares for each one of us as if there were none other to love. His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches our darling to-night where'er she is. Come, let us hear what the Lily has to say before we rest."

Like lovers of an earlier year they clasped hands and moved slowly toward a small table on which lay a neat roll of parchment. With careful touch the man opened the roll. A crushed and dried Lily marked the place to which they so often turned. It no longer smiled as in the yesterdays—it rather seemed to bleed, and spread its stain over a heavily marked verse of Esaias: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places; He will make her wilderness like Eden." They read together, and this patriarch with his wife placed the burden of their hearts on the shoulders of Him who promised, "I, even I, am He that comforteth you."

And His presence came to hallow the secluded hut.

"What a blessing that the Prophets bequeathed us such words, my Asa! Do you know I really feel as if this horrible mid-night of soul might someday be followed by Day-Dawn?"

Then these two went to rest and dreamed of her—and awaited The Dawn.

* * *

"On with the dance—"

Let joy be unconfin'd!"

The sickening orgy of Herod's court was at its height. Numerous servants entered with viands and wines and were kept busy filling Herod's cup.

"Here varlet—yes, you Tacitus, bring in that fleet-footed Jewess with the supple limbs. Summon the torchbearers; bid the musicians play. Be in haste! On with the dance!" So thundered the besotted monarch as a score of servants leapt to do his bidding.

Suddenly the trumpet blast rang throughout the castle corridors. All eyes turned toward the draped portals at the farther end, where a lithe body, sparkling as if covered with diamond dust, glided in fairy-like aspect out from the shadowy background.

The musicians pined.

The singers weirdly chanted.

The sensuous eyes of Herod bulged in desire. Aroused by the fascinating music that filled the banquet hall he suddenly arose, reeled and staggered toward the unfortunate child of fate, and in an intoxicated swoon attempted to clutch the hand of the Jewess.

"Touch me not—viper—Gentile dog! The God of my fathers will strike thee dead!" shrieked the terrified Joanna (for it was her) and with fiery passion and impetuous force she struck the king a blow in the face.

Stunned for a moment, Herod tottered while several courtiers sprang to his assistance.

"The wrath of Jove will palsy the Hebrew God!" he cried. "Jewess, by all the gods of mighty Rome thou shalt suffer for this." hissed the maddened monarch. "To the Tombs with her, Tacitus, and mind you turn the lock well."

The servile followers of this conceited monarch stood aghast at the sentence. The Tombs! The dwelling place of the dead! Did not all Jerusalem fear Herod's displeasure lest he sentence an offender to the Tombs? For those who went suddenly returned. Incarcerated there a few weeks and deadly leprosy gripped its poisonous fangs into the human flesh—and leprosy—well, it could not be washed away with nitre nor soap.

(Continued on page 13, col. 1)



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"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come."—Song of Solomon, 11, 11-12.

Hail, The Spring!

An Easter Meditation

By the Chief of the Staff

EPACII season is associated with some particular pleasure or circumstance, but I think I speak the feelings of all when I say that no season is so welcome as Spring. For months nature has been apparently dead. The birds have sought for warmer climes and have left us without their cheering notes. It is often difficult to discover whether the trees and bushes are dead or only wrapped in the sleep of winter.

Then, whilst the ground is still covered with its snowy mantle, with what eagerness we look for the first signs of returning Spring, watching for the first burst of life in the budding of the trees, and listening intently for the first notes of nature's returning warblers.

And when once the springtime has, beyond doubt, asserted its powers and driven away the remnants of a slowly dying winter, thus causing all nature to rejoice, what melody, what gladness bursts spontaneously from hearts and lips!

But springtime would never seem half so beautiful were it not for winter's experience. It is the contrast of death that makes life so attractive.

But at this season we are celebrating more than the return of springtime; we are commemorating the return to life of Jesus. His "winter" had been a short one, but so severe. One can hardly believe that into those three or four days there could have crowded such terribly momentous scenes. It seems as though these scenes represented an experience of years.

Then that "winter" experience of Jesus came so suddenly. On the Sabbath before He had been received with mighty acclamation as a King, and had been given Royal honors at His entrance to the City of Jerusalem. Alas, for the sickliness of man!

How dark, too, had been those days! The fiercest storms of opposition had come; the Devil had mustered his full powers in a determined effort to scatter for ever the hopes of those simple fishermen who were Christ's disciples, and to blast their confidence in His leadership.

Need I remind you of the deeds of that dark week? There was the agony of Gethsemane; the neglect of His disciples during that agony, although He appealed to them so tenderly and humanly to watch with Him. There was the betrayal by Judas, and the traitor's kiss. Then followed His arrest and trial, during which He suffered the indignities of the crown of thorns, the royal robe, and the hatred of the religious crowd. He had to bear the mental torture

produced by the choosing of Barabbas for liberty, with the consequent confirmation of His own death sentence; the physical anguish of the too heavy Cross; the indignity heaped upon Him by the choice of two malefactors as fellow sufferers at the Crucifixion; the mocking crowd, the dying groans. Then He witnessed the cowardice of His own disciples, and found no word of gratitude or sympathy amidst his sufferings from any of the lepers He had healed, the sick He had restored, or the poor He had helped. And, most painful of all, was His seemingly forsaken condition as revealed in His utterance to His Father "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Earth had rejected Him, His followers had left Him, and for the moment it looked as if Heaven had forgotten Him. Then came His burial and the stone and seal. Could it possibly be darker?

"Jesus is dead!" The cry rang through Jerusalem, up its streets, into its homes, as far even as the High Priest's house, the Palace, and the Temple—in fact everywhere. What a black Friday it was! Surely the winter of death had settled upon that episode.

It must have been a dark Sabbath—the world bereft of its Saviour! Some of us can remember dark days following the burial of loved ones, when no sun seemed strong enough to penetrate the gloom. But what a darkness this! Dark for the disciples! Dark for the sick! Dark

for Pilate! Dark, in reality, for the Priests although they did not understand this! Surely the music in the Temple that day ought to have been heavy!

But, hallelujah! before the sun's rays had burst across the Eastern sky a new joy had been given to the earth. Thirty-three years before the world had heard the song announcing the Saviour's birth, and that music has rung around the world, but methinks this Easter message has become more universal even than the Christmas anthem. Once more the world is made brighter by the words from angel lips,—"He is risen."

Thwarted in his efforts to keep the world in an eternal winter, the Devil determined that the news must be hushed. "He is risen" must not be substituted for "He is dead." The soldiers were bribed to deny the truth, but springtime music will come with the Spring. You can't stop the birds from singing when the trees are budding, and the song went on in spite of martyrdom and persecution and scepticism, until to-day millions more than ever before are joining in the Easter anthem—"He is risen." (Continued on page 15)



"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hallelujah!"

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska.

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner William Fabie,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Christ is Risen!

THE resurrection of our Lord
placed the capsule upon the
work of redemption and testified
that His mission had been success-
fully accomplished. The fact that
He lived—that death had no power
to hold His spirit nor to give His
body to corruption—was a final and
uncontroversial statement of His
divinity.

In place of the poor glimmer of
men's conception of an earthly
kingdom for the Messiah, the
Resurrection morning put the clear,
steady light of a knowledge of the
Divine purpose. The disciples, who
had been dismayed and scattered
by His death, soon saw that it was
an infinitely greater thing for
Christ to have proved Himself to be
the Conqueror of Death than if He
had successfully asserted a claim
to an earthly kingdom.

The message that gave point to
the Pentecostal sermons; the de-
claration that smote the Pharisees
and priests to the heart; that
wrought conviction in the three
thousand souls who were there and
then converted; that later sent the
disciples hurrying to proclaim the
news to all parts of the earth, was
this: "This Jesus hath God raised
up!" They were the witnesses of a
new covenant, the essence of which
was life.

Is Calvary Anything to You?

That is to you personally, affecting
your everyday life, making a
difference to what you think, what
you say, and what you do?

Is it anything to you that Jesus
died on Calvary for your sins, and
rose again from the dead that you,
dying to sin, might rise in newness
of life to serve God in holiness and
righteousness all your days on
earth, as well as being made ready
for Heaven when you die?

Resurrection Wanted!

"I was
and ye
visited me"

The Commissioner's Easter Message

Territorial Headquarters,
Winnipeg, Canada, West,
April, 1922.

RESURRECTION! The true spirit of Eastertide. It is in the very air. The ground beneath our feet is throbbing and pulsing with a thousand signs of new life. The trees are tingling with vitality. The winter is over;—the spring is here; it is the spirit of Resurrection. Those drab, dark days of dreariness will soon be forgotten, and our ears are already ringing with the challenge of the Spirit of Resurrection.

Surely there are no people to whom this challenge should sound more clearly than to us, the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army,—and no people whose answering shout should echo with greater joy and eagerness.

A Resurrection Challenge! Shall we answer it? Shall we meet it? Shall there be a new stirring of energy, and action and hopefulness within our own ranks? Does not every voice answer "yes" and every life echo it.

The Spirit of Resurrection is here! The Challenge has sought us out! It has forced itself upon us! Shall we not follow this example and GO where we may best answer the challenge! Everywhere there is sign of need! Let us GO to the need! The principle which lies at the very heart of The Army is that we SEEK OUT THE NEED, without waiting for the need to search for us. What better method can we adopt in the carrying of the Spirit of Resurrection than a great earnestness in the matter of getting out and about amongst the people—the people who need us so much, those—indeed who need us the most.

O R SOLDIERS! Think of their needs — greater than ever; more insistent, more urgent. What a world they live in and battle with every day. What subtlety of evil surrounds them. What varied forms of disguised devilishness assail them. You visit them, of course, but go with the Resurrection Spirit in your heart and on your lips, and in your handclasp. Carry this New Life Spirit to your Soldiers.

THE CONVERTS! Oh for a new-life Resurrection grip upon our Converts. They will most likely perish unless you HOLD them. How their helplessness challenges us! How it calls to all that is best within us. They make their sacrifice, and immediately a thousand vultures, some respectable and some disreputable, gather to devour. Will you help them to drive off these birds of prey, until they are strong enough to fight their own battles. VISIT THE CONVERTS. Answer their challenge. Let us have a Resurrection of Converts visitation.

THE SICK! We catch our breath at the thought of sickness on Easter morning—that morning of new songs and lilies and fellowship. Yet there are many around us whose Eastertide will be filled with pain and who languish in the grip of disease. Here is another voice calling to us—feebly, perhaps, but insistently—calling for your ministry of mercy. Go to the chamber of sickness with your Resurrection Spirit. Carry with you the word and touch of Him who "rose again," and you shall leave behind you the fragrance of His presence.

THE DESERTERS! Think of them. A melancholy procession; without hope for the present or the future and the protests of outraged conscience sounding continually in their ears. Some of them will dig out that old discarded red guernsey this Eastertide, and look it over with tearful eyes. They will hear the band playing "Up from the grave He arose" and their poor aching hearts will yearn to share in the triumph of this Resurrection Day. OH THE TRAGEDY OF THE DESERTERS; the men and women who once caught the spirit of the Christ and lived it, but who sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Do you know where they live? Go and visit the deserters. Let us have a Resurrection Day for the backsliders. Their lives may be smudged with failure, but they are still worth saving. Go after them! You can be quite sure that as you go, the Master will accompany you.

Let this be our answer to the Challenge of the Resurrection Spirit — a more desperate SEEKING after the needs of the people; a more generous distribution of our time and strength and energy to the needy and perishing. This is the Call of Today. This is the Challenge. Let us answer it with a shout of gladness and triumph, for the sake of God and Man.

William Fabie

Commissioner

General Bramwell
Booth in his Stud

The General has been a leader, brother, a friend. To the Juniors he has been such and more; for they have been a inseparable addition of a father's tenderest touch. He marched down the road time with the Elders, they can recall his personal touch throughout the journey. Not this sparing project, the Juniors. The lies sadness for the which is only compelled by the realization that influence persists.

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THE WAR CRY



By the Editor

LAST month our General cele-
brated his sixty-sixth birthday.
Warriors of age and fame vied
with youthful and less experienced
Braves in the warmth and expressive
nature of their greetings. All
had abundant occasion for tribute
paying. To the crowd of Elders

General Bramwell
Booth in His Study

The General has been
leader, brother and friend. To the Juniors
he has been teacher and mentor; for them
there have been the inestimable addition
of a father's tenderest touch. He marches
down the road of time with the Elders;
they can reckon on his personal touch
throughout the journey. Not this
inspiring prospect for the Juniors. Therein
lies sadness for them, which is only
dispelled by the realization that influence
persists.

In what affectionate
esteem we hold
our great Salvation
Army Leader. There
is something akin to
hero worship about it,
and we confess the
fact unabashedly. If
ever a General wrote
his personality on the



General Booth Seated at Work in his Office at International Headquarters. Drawn by F. Matania

The General Rises to
Make an Address

hearts as well as the
minds of his Officers
and Soldiers that General
is Bramwell Booth. He is a man
of wide humanity; as
inusive in his methods
as he is in an address; as powerful
in person as he is in script; as erect in
character as he is in carriage; as meute in
performance as is the quality of his
counsel. He is our
Leader by virtue of
The Founder's nomination. He is also our
Leader by unques-
tioned universality varied
arduation. One of
the impossible things
is to visualise him in
a subordinate position.
In the hearts and minds of Salvationists
there has never been a rival in the
field for the position of General. Could
loyalty find more
eloquent or emphatic
expression?



Looking Over Plans in his Office

We esteem him as a man, love him as a friend,
admire him as a statesman, respect him as a scholar,
accept him as a teacher; but we follow him because
he translates into action all that is purest and
most compelling in Salvationism. In the office
he is a reproof to the inert; a worker of abnormal
speed, thoroughness and power of decision. Freed
from the anxieties and calls of state he is a man
rarely churlish and conversational. He pos-
sesses the faculty which makes friends. His know-
ledge of people, places and things is almost uncanny
in its scope, and he can diagnose conditions obtaining
in all parts of the world with amazing accuracy.

In his public campaigns our General makes war on
sin with tremendous passion. He pleads with the
unsaved and unsanctified with impressive tenderness,
and with restless energy endeavors to lead them
into the Light. In Council he evidences convincing
knowledge of the vagaries and needs of the human
heart. He expresses, too, such an overflowing optimism
and so vividly pictures open gates of opportunity
that he sweeps his followers into an increased tempo of
effort; therein demonstrating the rare art of leadership.

And it is because of these things and many others
that we Salvationists doff our hats, close our eyes
and thank God for granting unto us such a General,
such a successor to our ever beloved and illustrious
Founder.



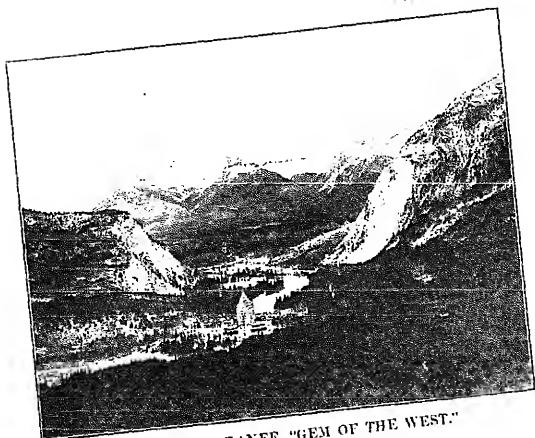
The Daily Round—General Booth at the Telephone

April 15, 1922

April 15, 1922

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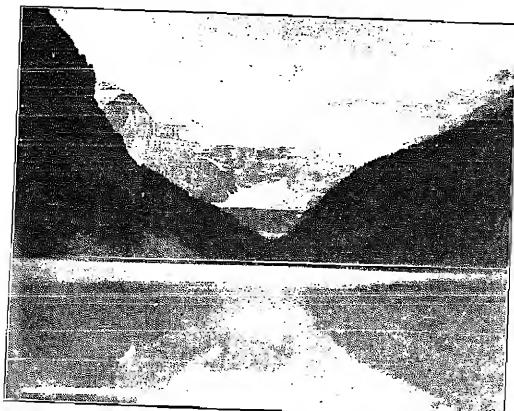
Vivid Glimpses of Beautiful Spots



BEAUTIFUL BANFF, "GEM OF THE WEST."



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE PEAKS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES.



LOVELY LAKE LOUISE, IN SUNNY ALBERTA.

The Great West possesses scenery not only wonderful on account of its grandeur, but also on account of its diversity. It equals, if it does not surpass, the finest Switzerland can afford. It has bits of "rural England," the fjords of Norway, the table lands of the Andes, great rivers, noble lake expanses, extensive natural parks, mighty forests of giant lumber, and a coast line which for extent and uninterrupted beauties has no parallel. Majesty indescribable is presented by the Canadian Rockies which nature has thrown up on so vast a scale. It takes a train twenty-four hours to pass through the chain of peaks.



THE GLACIERS IN THE ROCKIES
Panoramic View of Burgess Pass, British Columbia.



BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPH AT BANFF, ALBERTA.

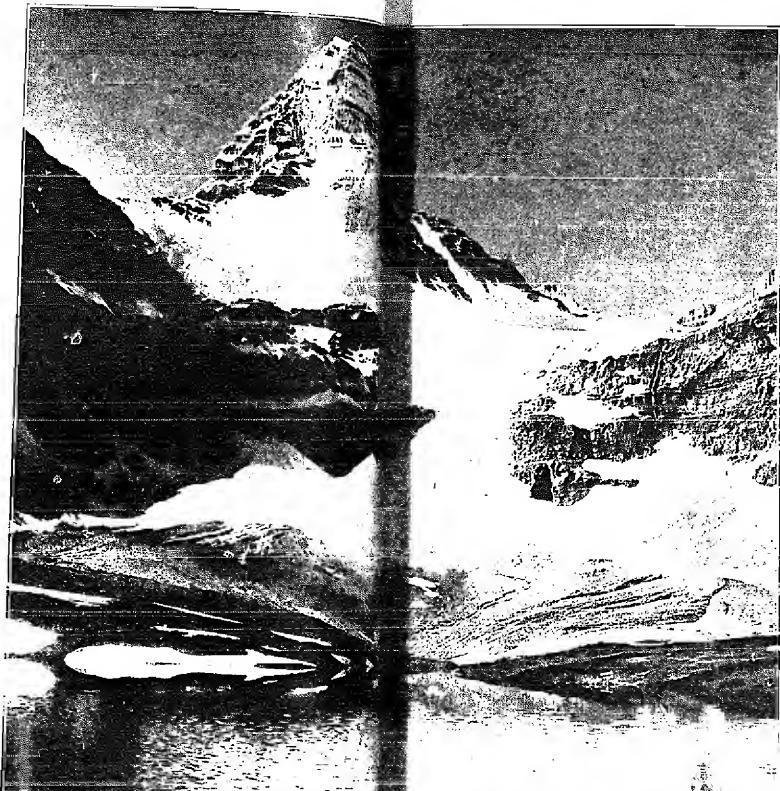
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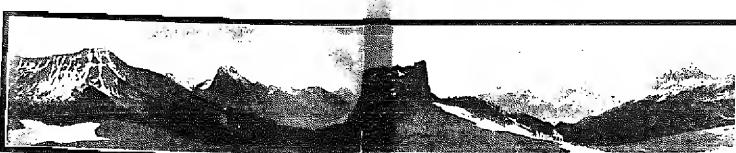
THE WAR CRY

9

100 Places of Beau Spots in the Great West



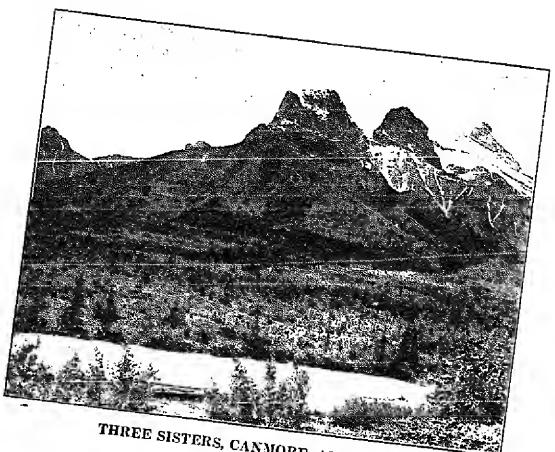
MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE PEAKS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES.



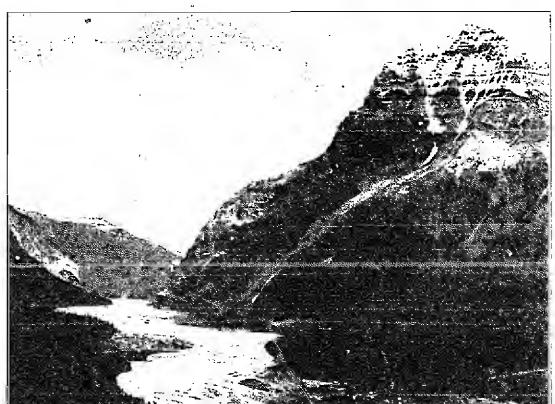
THE GLACIERE ROCKIES
Panoramic View of Burgess Bear Field, British Columbia.



BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPH AT BANFF, ALBERTA.



THREE SISTERS, CANMORE, ALBERTA.



MT. STEPHEN, FIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Canadian Rockies stretch from the Gap to Victoria, British Columbia—500 miles of Alpine scenery, snowy peaks, glaciers, rugged precipices, waterfalls, foaming torrents, canyons, lakes like vast sapphires and amethysts set in the pine-clad mountains. These have been flung together in unparalleled profusion on a scale which Europe has never known. The mountains tower aloft in vast cathedral domes and jagged spires. They rise from deep-green wooded slopes, up and up, sheer into the sky, to end in soaring summits of white and gray, except when snow and ice and rock alike blush rosy in the setting sun.

William Booth's Life Question to the World

What Will You Do With Jesus?

Notes of The Founder's Last Sunday Evening Address

Delivered at Warrington, England, April 28th, 1912



worthy of death, proposed to release Him, but to the utter amazement of Pilate, with one voice the crowd called out: *Give us Barabbas!*

Pilate tried to reason with them, but they only cried out the more. Not this Man, we prefer Barabbas. Rising from his throne and taking the Saviour by the hand, in order to better command their compassion, he led Him forth, and asked the question: *What then will I do with Jesus?*

Now, as Pilate led our Lord forth on that eventful occasion, so in spirit, with my heart full of reverence, I bring that same blessed Saviour before your eyes, and ask the same question: *What will you do with Jesus?*

Mark, it is not *'What shall I do?'* That is a question that was settled a long time back. Sixty-seven years ago I laid myself at His feet, and took Him to my heart. I have never regretted that consecration. I never shall. Out of it wondrous things have grown.

It is not what shall I do with Jesus, but what will you do with Him, and what will you do with Him now? Can I help you to a right decision?

You must do something with Him. Neutrality is impossible. The possession of the opportunity for doing the right thing imposes the obligation to do it. There is no middle course possible here. You must be either for Him or against Him. Either take Him to your heart or reject Him to your ruin.

Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine your Heavenly Father's treatment of you. In deciding how you will treat this offer, remember what it means to you that Jesus Christ brings you from His Father the free and full forgiveness to every past sin, reconciliation with Himself, purity, power, happiness in life, happiness in death, and happiness for ever. On your treatment of Him hangs your everlasting destiny—Heaven or Hell.

Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine the salvation or damnation of men and women living around you or who will live after you. That is a very serious business. Supposing that these High Priests and the Jewish crowd had accepted Jesus Christ, and crowned Him the Lord of their hearts, who can conceive the difference that decision would have made in our world? No man liveth to himself. No man can confine the consequences of his conduct to himself.

In view of these solemn considerations I want to ask you, *What will you do with the blessed Saviour, and what will you do with Him now?*

There are several courses lying open before you.

What will you do with Him? Not—What have you done? What are you intending to do?—in the future when you are dying? I bring Him before you and demand an answer to my question. What will you do? Shall I indicate a few courses?

JALOUS of the popularity of our Lord, ignorant of His Divinity, hating the purity of His teaching, rebelling against the self-sacrificing character of His life, and for other reasons, the High Priests, Chief Dignitaries, and leading Citizens of Jerusalem resolved, at all costs and consequences to compass His destruction. But not having the power of life and death in their own tribunals, they denounce Him to Pilate, the Roman Governor, as a Religious Impostor, a Stirrer-up of Strife, and an Enemy of the Government, requesting him to give orders for Him to be put to death.

Pilate received our Lord, examined the charges made against Him, but not being able to prove Him guilty of any offence

You can deny His Divine mission—you can say He was an impostor. There were plenty in those days who did this, and there are plenty who do the same thing in our day. Some went so far as to say He had a devil. What do you say to that?

No, that does not suit you. Well, you can deny your *not my Saviour*. You can say, 'I have no soul, I shall have no hereafter.' Some went so far as to say: 'There'll be no judgement. I don't need a Saviour!' That is what the Sadducees said, and there are thousands who say the same thing in our day.

There is another course—you can openly reject Him. Right or wrong, you can simply say: 'I won't have Him.' There are plenty who took this course when He was on earth. They were there in force that day. Instead of taking Him to their hearts they sent Him to the cruel tree. Look at their blood-thirsty eyes. Listen to their maledicted cries. See them pluck the hair from His blessed cheeks, and spit upon His sacred face, clothe Him in the mocking robes, and call down curses from Heaven on His head. They preferred Barabbas. They said so.

You can pretend to accept Him, call yourself by His name, while your heart is far from Him. There were any number who adopted that course while He was on earth. He upbraided them, 'Why call ye Me Lord, and do not the things which I say?'

What do you say about being an empty, powerless, worldly formalist? You say, 'No. If ever I do anything with religion, I will have the real thing. I won't be a hypocrite.'

There is another course. You can treat the whole matter with indifference. There was a crowd in Jerusalem on that day who took no notice whatever of the affair. The shops were all open. The buyers and sellers were all busy. There were marriages and feasts and pleasure-parties and games and amusements all in full swing while the Son of God was hanging on the Cross. The people were indifferent. They did not care.

You can be a traitor. You can half and play a cowardly part after the fashion of Pilate. What do you say to that?

Look at Pilate. He was for Christ, and wanted to deliver Him, if he could do so without losing the favor of the respectable people, and getting into trouble with Caesar and losing his place; but rather than run these risks he allowed our blessed Lord to go to a cruel death.

But this was only half Pilate's offence. He not only rejected Christ for these selfish considerations, but tried to excuse himself by throwing the blame on somebody else.

Is any one on the same track, rejecting Christ and trying to throw the responsibility on somebody else?

Here is one more character whose example you may follow. What do you say to being a Judas? Will you betray and sell your Lord as Judas did?

O Backslider! You were once a Soldier of the Cross. Yes, you loved Him, praised Him, swore you would die for Him, and then deserted Him.

What did you leave your Lord for? How much did you get by the transaction? Judas got thirty pieces of silver.

How much of the price have you kept to the present hour? What was it? A Shop? A Wife? A Husband? A Situation? Fine Clothes? A Football? So much per annum? Has it answered? Did it not with Judas. It brought him contempt and despair on earth. It won't answer with you in Time or in Eternity.

There is another course which you can take, and I recommend it to all my heart. It has been before you many a day. I place it before you once more. It may be the last chance you will have of accepting it.

Kneel down at the Mercy Seat, accept this blessed Jesus as your Saviour, and submit to His authority. Wash every stain away in His Blood, enthrone Him in your heart as your King, and fight for Him all the rest of your days. That is what I would do if I were you. That is what I did, more than sixty years ago.

SOMEWHERE amid the pine-clad Rockies the far Northwest the sun lay its check upon the snowy pillow of the tains. The shades of night already shrouded the little town, which clung like a child to the bosom of one of those quiet hills. A child it was, much given to wild lawless, irresponsible indulgences, and passions and fierce yet always at evening-time crept a tired, wild, weary on its way up upon whom the overhanging mountain peak to broad in maternal care and sheltered. The tolls and tolls of the day were still too early for the reckless delinquency which defamed the males mountain night. Here one did not witness the audacity of him who called the 'God's hour.'

Yet at this hour a battle was raged the less terrible and grim because the field was a human breast. Jim Gough fought man battles with his hand neither beautiful to look upon nor to behold, while he left their seats—Jim's ease—upon the other fellow, he met an adversary whom he found match an adversary whom no trick art could catch off guard. Jim was for the first time in his life, defended the battering blows of his own countryman whose existence he had never given passing thought.

Though not yet twenty-five, Jim Gough was the acknowledged 'bad man' of the town. In a community infamous for crime and lawlessness he was the bane of the most inveterate gambler, the wiles of them all. What impulse had Jim into the little shanty, half-trove, built which served the local Salvationists' meeting-house, he could never afterward. Perhaps curiosity—more likely the desire to create a disturbance. But once in, had fallen upon him against which and fought in vain.

It was not the eloquence of the melody of the song, nor yet the power of the prayer which reached and so long-hidden, hardened heart. The pain of it, the plea of it all which spoke mother's faith, mother's Bible teachings. For fifteen years he had been between himself and his mother in heaven, for he was one of the many prodigals; these sacred names are synonymous. deserted his mother, he had given himself over, body and soul, that was worst in himself. Yet I, writhing in impotent anguish again and again, good, just as if his foot on a meeting had touched off a huge violent explosive.

For two hours the storm raged. In the climax came the strong man who suddenly took he poured forth his revealing staggering depths and darkness, the black years had been given. story told by one so young, was a man of God kneeling by his side, in trace of such feelings, but rather became the great compassion of the more tender and passionate reiterating the promise: "Thought as scarlet, they shall be as white, though they be red like crimson, as wool."

So the storm swept on. Then came the night, utterly at an end of himself, he threw his blackened life and his upon the mercy of God, and with of surrender came the dawn of

World Jesus

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id this, and there are plenty
we went so far as to say He
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That is what the Sadducees
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He upbraided them. "Why
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They did not care.

You can halt and play a
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SOMEWHERE amid the pine-clad Rockies of the far Northwest the sun lay its burning check upon the snowy pillow of the mountains. The shades of night already shadowed the little town, which clung like a child to the bosom of one of those quiet hills. A wayward child it was, much given to wild laughter, irresponsible indulgences, and punnings primitive and fierce, yet always at evening-time it seemed a tired child, weary of its way and itself, upon whom the overhanging mountains appeared to brood in maternal care and solicitude. The toils and trials of the day were over, and it was still too early for the recklessness and debauchery which defamed the majority of the mountain night. Here one did not wonder at the audacity of him who called the twilight "God's hour."

Yet at this hour a battle was raging—nay! the less terrible and grim because the battlefield was a human breast. Jim Carter had fought many battles with his hands, birth—neither beautiful to look upon nor to remember, battles which had left their scars usually on Jim's face—upon the other fellow. But now he met an adversary who was more than a match—an adversary whom no trick of pugilist's art could catch off guard. Jim was caught for the first time in his life, death-marched before the battering blows of his own conscience, to whose existence he had never given even a passing thought.

Though not yet twenty-five, Jim Carter was the acknowledged "bad man" of the mountain town. In a community infamous for its crime and lawlessness he was the hardest drifter, the most inveterate gambler, the wildest living of them all. What trapise had brightened him into the little shanty, half-store, half-sleeping, which served the local Salvationists for a meeting-house, he could never afterward remember. Perhaps curiosity—more likely the temptation to create a disturbance. But once inside a spell had fallen upon him against which he fumed and fought in vain.

It was not the eloquence of the appeal, nor the melody of the song, nor yet the fervency of the prayer which reached and smote Jim's long-hidden, hardened heart. The power of it, the pain of it, the piercings of it all were that here spoke mother's faith, mother's Bible, mother's teachings. For fifteen years he had put a gulf between himself and his mother and her God, for he was one of the many prodigals to whom these sacred names are synonymous. He had deserted his mother, he had spurned her God, he had given himself over body and soul, to all that was worst in himself. Yet here he was, writhing in impotent anguish against the force of good, just as if his foot on entering the meeting had touched off a hidden mine of violent explosives.

For two hours the struggle lasted, and when the climax came the strong man was weak. In sobbing jerks he poured forth his confession, revealing staggering depths and deeds to which the black years had been given. If the lurid story, told by one so young, was a shock to the man of God kneeling by his side, his face bore no trace of such feeling, but rather the deeper became the great compassion of his eyes and the more tender and passionate his voice reiterating the promise: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

So the storm swept until the strength of both was far spent. Then came the moment when, utterly at an end of himself, the penitent soul threw his blackened life and blistered heart upon the mercy of God, and with the moment of surrender came the dawn of Divine revelation.

Things which before seemed far off and mystic were now the only realities, and when he flung out his two long arms in an attitude of appeal, he felt they touched the Cross upon which hung his mother's eternal hope.

Trembling and shaken, but with the Sun of Righteousness changing his countenance, the man staggered to his feet.

"Thank you," he murmured, brokenly, "God was as good as your word and mother's. And now, Captain," his voice gathering firmness, "I've got to get back to her. I don't belong here any more."

Not did he. Miracle that it was, the man already looked estranged from that incarnation of which he had been both body companion and king.

Good Friday and Easter

By Laur. Colomé W. Lien Neff Olson

Soldier in war! Most kindly was His grief:
Suppose, oft belief—
The Master's calm. And that broad strong
He measured mightiest rooms.
While on His side they stood, and plucked His
hand.
Lovingly looks appeared.

They stay the king! The hope of all mankind!
Of whence? No Earth I find!
Theagan shade, white priests and people round—
For, transmuted, like diminished and pretreated,
Se'ntiles' pleasure faded.

The sun, ashamed, withdraws his sheepish light;
The hand is wrapped in sight;
The fatal deed the world's foundations shake;
The sleeping dead awake;
He rises; 'tis finished! Silence reigns again;

The veil is torn in twain.

They take Him down. His life had quickly fled;
The Son of God is dead.

Mid gloomy shades the shadows appear.

The soldiers stand with fear;

Triumphant from the teeth of the grave,
Death comes the Strong in Savel.

With Divine instinct, feeling that his work
here was not yet finished, the Captain decided
to stay by his stalwart convert and accompany
him on his journey. The mother lived but a
few miles away—by the railroad a two hours'
journey—yet not a letter nor a visit had the
boy spared in all those fifteen years.

As if to register in the heavens Jim's first
new day, the Easter sun crowned with gold the
snow-peaks of the great hills and showed to all
men who looked up that whiteness and crowning
go together.

The one train of the twenty-four hours
stopped at a wayside station. Jim and the
Captain were the only passengers to alight. The
little depot was locked, and the two stood for
a moment irresolute beside the trunk which
Jim had insisted on bringing with him. He
knew his own nature and was anxious to burn
all his bridges—to leave no hostages in his
city of destruction. "I don't belong there," he
repeated, "and nothing belonging to me belongs
there neither!"

The Captain volunteered to keep vigil till the
express man came, but this did not suit Jim.
"Captain, I feel somehow, I'll need you. Stay
by me, won't you, and see me through?"

"Then we'll carry the trunk between us," said
the Captain, whose strong muscles were just

as ready to lift a poor fellow's load as was his
big, strong heart.

The two men and their burden made a pathetic picture, passing down the narrow street, which was little more than a mountain trail, each holding a handle of the trunk—the younger man, whose handsome face and shabby clothes showed clearly the rapid travel of the misspent years; the older and crusty figure, in smart Salvation Army uniform, an aged man, whose whole being bespoke whiteness and correctness of sterling character, the connecting-link in the trunk, which told the story of the changed road.

Jim was visibly affected as they traversed the silent streets of his old home, empty now but thronged by his thoughts with a thousand memories of days gone by. There was the schoolhouse, from which he had so often played truant. There was the church, where he had stood holding mother's soft hand, while she joined in the singing. He always said his mother's voice was the sweetest in the church, and he remembered well how he nearly pulled Sister Stevens' ear off because, he said it wasn't so.

He had not passed that door since childhood, and saw again the gray-haired pastor in his affect and sparseness; there also was the village inn, at which he had in boyhood attained the first place of his curse; but here at last was the best of all—the old home street—the street which, if he had traversed every street in the whole world would be the only other street you could! All other thoughts merged into the thought of mother.

Oh, how enied he had been to her! How she had loved him! Did she still love him? Could she after fifteen years of his wicked neglect? Jim Shuragh had come over in with the pig that wouldn't sell, and had told him his mother was very poor—in fact, that he was in want—but that she was always listening, watching and waiting for him. Could she forgive him? He could never forgive himself! What an awful thing she was to make a fellow do what it had made him do. Father long dead, too! O mother! Every candlestone his feet stepped upon spoke some fond thing of her to the boy's penitent heart. The fat, foot-tall boy, left standing on the roadside, holding out their fresh, leathy arms, reminded him of how when a little fellow, he used to run into her arms, stretched out that way on returning from school. The early breezes made the tree branches to wave becomingly, as though they would hasten him, and the moaning of the wind, coming over the mountain, seemed to call: "Come, hurry; you may be too late!"

As they had advanced the window-junes of the cottages reflected the glory of the Easter morning, and the village awakened to a lovely Sabbath. As they came in sight of the plain little frame house, which had been the lode-star of their night's journey, a miner on his way to work stopped and stared in such sudden surprise that his dinner-pail fell clattering to the ground.

"My God, if it ain't young Jim! Oh, thank Heaven for this Easter morn! Boy, you're just in time—your mother's took awful bad! My missus is with her. She says—"

But Jim heard no more. Dropping his end of the trunk he sprinted up the street, burst open the door of the little home, took the narrowreaking stairs three at a time, calling with a note of agony in his voice:

"Mother, mother, it's Jim—come home! It's your wayward boy, Jim, come home!" The little woman upon the bed was fast slipping out of the struggle called life, but the boy's voice would have called her back from the

(Continued on page 13, Col 2)

A MOUNTAIN MOTHER'S EASTER MORNING

"And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life"—*1 John 2:25*

There IS No Death!

By Commander Evangeline C. Booth



DEAD! The village was dead! Shell wrecked, it lay in the hollow and along one slope of a gentle, hill-rimmed valley, straddling the narrow, dusty road with twin rows of devastated homes which struggled out irregularly into the surrounding untilled fields.

A strange silence broods over the lonely and cheerless scene. Ah, that is it! The hungry guns are silent. Their four-year discord of hate and murder, crashing through its final fortissimo movement into a concert of destruction, is ended.

Patches of dull-red tile from riven roofs show here and there—like the clotted blood of slain beasts—among the tortured ruin of fallen walls and fire-twisted girders. Whirlwinds of gray dust eddy lazily between the uncovered graves, as though making a fitful and melancholy attempt to infold again the rudely disinterred dead of the centuries-old graveyard—was known no sacred ground—while a splintered wooden crucifix hangs loosely on the weirdly torn walls where twenty generations of peaceful villagers have worshipped the Prince of Peace.

From the hilltop all seems dead—dead with the cold and rigid death of a thousand neglectful years! Not one breath of life in the dreary devastated village!

But the sweet spring breeze, blowing warmly up from the south, gently whispers: "I am the life renewer, the harbinger of happy summer days, the herald of fruitful harvests, the call of animation to a myriad of throbbing living things in land, in hill, in dale! Mau, thou art a fool!"

There IS No Death!

THROUGH the village ripples a singing streamlet, swollen into a current of leaping and laughing gold. In strange little inlets, which once were ugly shell craters, it swirls and then sweeps on to wash with delicate fingers the fallen masonry and to caress into submission splintered beams that seek to stay its happy course.

Where once the whirring wheels and roaring furnaces of the village glass factory sang in strains of industry and prosperity, there now remains only a tumbled pile of demolished stone, crumbled brick and rusty, tortuous iron.

Hanging over the heightened stream, a broken mill wheel creaks drearily as the rising water stirs restlessly around its fallen, rubbish-choked paddles.

"Dead!" grates the wheel. "Dead! The village is dead!"

But the stream, newborn from the purity of mountain snows, ripples softly singing: "Nay! I am the life-giver, I flow through the land, stirring to life the vines on the hillsides and the grains of the fields. From my crystal arteries trees and beasts and birds and men drink and live. Wheel, thou art a fool!"

There IS No Death!

WITH her brood clinging tightly to her well-spread skirts a French peasant woman, bread of face, wrinkled and weary with war, trudges down the winding, dusty road and into the shattered village. With strange, hard mutterings of sorrow she pauses before each empty, gaping doorway, only to pass slowly on to the next.

At last she stops in front of the burned-out, fractured falls of her own home. Wearily she eases a huge bundle of blankets and miscellaneous household gear from her bent

shoulders to the sagging doorstep. Great, unavailing tears roll down her sunbrowned cheeks. She enters, delving among the debris, and brings to light splintered bits of treasured furniture, reminders of the dear, happy days before the guns began their dirge of death.

All is dead! Shattered! Gone! Every fond and pretty home thing loved by that peasant woman vanished forever!

She covers her face with her rough, worn hands; but there is a glint of delight as baby fingers reach out toward the spot where, springing out of a crevice in the tumbled wall, there flames a crimson poppy, and through tear-dimmed eyes she sees a soft carpet of moss creeping protectively over the ruined masonry; tender shoots of grass thrusting freshly up through the gray, dead dust of destruction; and here and there and everywhere infant blossoms, with little pink cheeks and blue eyes, looking up to the sky and curtsying fragrantly and reverently in the evening breezes.

A peaceful smile like a benediction settles upon the tired mother's face. Drawing the baby close against her breast she whispers: "Ah, baby mine, all is not dead! While the good God can still make you a cradle of flowers, is it not that life must live?"

There IS No Death!

LIKE a golden globe sinking slowly away into eternity, the sun drops down behind the quiet hills, gilding with shafts of light three white crosses silhouetted against the purple sky.

"Dead!" say the three white crosses.

"Dead!" records the war office.

"Dead!" wail three broken hearts.

But the glories of the passing day transmute the floating clouds into a group of white angels, with pinions of light, mounting a pearl-studded stairway that runs from the graves to the sky. They appear to hasten as though, folded in their golden arms, they carried priceless treasure to the throne.

Instinctively the eyes of the peasant woman turn to the splintered crucifix, hanging lonesomely upon the rifted church wall. The last spears of light transfigure to blazing jewels the thorns pressed hard upon the sacred bough.

In her simple way, with wide eyes fastened upon that face, she murmurs:

"All life has risen out of death! And all death is but to be made into life again! Life is immortal, though it seems to perish as the leaves. Man cannot die!"

For the words came back which she heard before the little church was wrecked:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Oh, World, thou art fooled!

There IS No Death!

LIKE the rustling of wind in empty places comes a sound, as though sky splendor would speak in articulate voice, saying: "While spring breezes blow, while streams flow down to the sea, while flowers bloom in the hedges, while the sun holds its course through the skies, while God rules in His heaven, while the gates of glory stand wide,

THE DAWN (Continued)

"Unclean! Unclean!" A bitter wail echoed over the quiet waters. "Unclean! Unclean!" And the wail was answered by the shriek of a maniac among the rocks along the Gadarene shore.

It was twilight. Against the blue sea and azure sky the figure of a weary pilgrim stood out in bold relief. The sun sank low in the west and its slanting rays revealed the ghastliness of her person. Her glassy eyes were sunken in a colorless face; coarse white hair fell over her neck; one shoulder like a brand of wire; her garments were threadbare, tattered and stained. The dread malady had gripped her with terrible swiftness and for over eighteen months had ravaged her body.

True, she had been mercifully released from Herod's Death House, but she dared not return to the little hut among the lilacs where two aching hearts throbbed out their undying love for the prodigal daughter.

The law would not allow it! Joanna, of Nebo, was a leper!

For a moment she stood at the water's edge, a picture of profound melancholy. Then, after scanning the landscape about her, to make certain that no person was approaching, she stooped, bathed her seared face and poured water on her body sores.

She had finished her bathing and was about to retreat to the leper's resting place, when a small group of people appeared in the distance. They approached rapidly and seemed engaged in interested conversation. Joanna counted them. There were thirteen. As they drew nearer she perceived that one Personality stood out from among the other twelve. His voice was more subdued, rich and gentle. Eternity looked out through His eyes. He was clothed with a long, white robe, and the crimson sunset seemed to light up with beautiful delicacy the fine flowing hair. The girl fixed her eyes on Him.

Seemingly unconscious of the crouching figure on the wet sand, the group stopped while the leader continued in earnest conversation:

"As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils freely ye have received, freely give."

"Cleunse the lepers?" How Centuries gone by the Prophet Elisha worked such miracles, but things have changed since the days of our fathers! No one can cleanse a leper to-day, except Messiah, she murmured to herself.

"But, by the rich mercies of Jehovah, I do recall we recall in Heroe service one rugged Baptist who head was brought in on a charge. And if I remember rightly it was whispered that he had followed the Jesus of Nazareth — who claimed to be the Son of God. If if the Son of God — then surely could cleanse a leper!"

A spark of hope was kindled in her breast. Hope impelled action and she staggered toward The Master with music in His voice.

"A leper! The accursed of God ejaculated a short, guttural inn.

"Stone her! Cast her out called another.

Joanna, faint, repulsed. An invisible magnetism drew her eyes toward His. She beheld the beauty of His face and felt the irresistible drawing power of His Presence.

(Continued on page 15)

THE WAR CRY

THE DAWN
(Continued)

"Unclean! Unclean!" A bitter wail echoed over the water.

"Unclean! Unclean!" And the wail was answered by the shriek of a gullie among the rocks along the Cadorene shore.

It was twilight. Against the blue sea and gray sky the figure of a weary pilgrim stood out in bold relief. The sun sank low in the west and its slanting rays revealed the ghastliness of her person. Her glassy eyes were sunken in a colorless face; coarse white hair fell over her neck and shoulders like strands of wire; her garments were threadbare, tattered and stained. The decadent madly had gripped her with terrible swiftness and for over eighteen months had ravaged her body.

True, she had been mercifully released from Herod's Death House, but she dared not return to the little hut among the lilies where two aching hearts throbbed with their undying love for the prodigal daughter.

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Seemingly unconscious of the crouching figure on the wet sands the group stopped while the tender continued in earnest empathetic tones:

"As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give."

"Cleanse the lepers? How? Centuries gone by the Prophet Elisha worked such miracles, but things have changed since the days of our fathers! No one can cleanse a leper to-day, except Messias," she murmured to herself.

"But, by the rich mercies of Jehovah, I do recall while in Herod's service one rugged Baptist whose head was brought in on a charger. And if I remember rightly it was whispered that he had followed one—Jesus of Nazareth—who claimed to be the Son of God. If—if the Son of God—then surely He could cleanse a leper!"

A spark of hope was kindled in her breast. Hope impelled action and she staggered toward The Man with music in His voice.

"A leper! The accursed of God!" ejaculated a short, gruff-voiced man.

"Stone her! Cast her out!" called another.

Joanna, faint, repulsed and frightened, receded. An invisible magnetism drew her eyes toward His. She beheld the beauty of His face and felt the irresistible drawing power of His Presence.

(Continued on page 35)

THE STORY EVERYBODY IS READING

*The Broken Fetters
of Dan McLeod*
by ADJUTANT SIDNEY COX

Dan McLeod, a solitary, half-frozen figure, staggers through the woods in Northern Saskatchewan, searching for Craig's Camp. Reaches his destination in full, unconscious, against the door of the bunkhouse. Dan's father is a Minnesota farmer. Was a Salvationist in the old land, and still clings to his red guernsey. Dan's friendship with Hank Hopgood causes the old man alarm. Dan is often away with Hank on illegal trips, and on one occasion the old man thinks he has seen a small figure in his son. Then comes the crash. An Officer of the law arrives at the McLeod homestead to arrest Dan for complicity in a bank robbery with Hank Hopgood. Hank and Dan escape to Canada. Hank reaches Craig's Camp in Northern Saskatchewan, and a few days later Dan arrives, as described. Sam Hicks hears a noise like a human body falling against the bunkhouse door but thinks it is a wind. He quickly opens the door to find Dan, and drags his body into the room. With the assistance of Bill Wylie, Sam's friend, Dan's foot, which is badly frozen, is cared for and he is made comfortable for the remainder of the night. Hank Hopgood, who is surprised to find Dan at the camp the next morning, has not made a favorable impression on the Foreman. Arvid Craig is the son of the owner of the camp, and although a college man, has chosen the woods as his calling.

CHAPTER III—Continued

LIFTED alone with his thoughts, Dan cupped his chin in his hands and stared at the base of the east-facing stove with unseeing eyes. His thoughts were something else again, though, and were still pleasant as they ranged at will over the happenings of the past few weeks. What a wretched failure he was! Why had he listened to Hank Hopgood? What would his old old father be doing and thinking? He shuddered at the thought of the old man alone on the farm with the weight of the disgrace that his Dan had brought upon him. Dan wondered, with a frown of annoyance at the thought, whether his father would still be wearing his red Army guernsey, and a quotation from an old Bible story that told about a son who "brought down his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave" flashed into his mind. He brushed both picture and thought away with an impatient gesture, and half rose to his feet but a twinge of his frozen foot brought the perspiration to his forehead and he sank back on the chair with a groan.

What of the future? The terror of the law was upon him, and he was to carry the stigma of the criminal—the fugitive from justice. He would never feel quite sure that he had reached a place where the strong arm of the law could not reach him. What a fool he had been, and confound this newly awakened conscience! He groaned again, just as the door of the bunkhouse opened. He was so engrossed with his thoughts that he would not have been aware of the opening door but for the icy draft that struck him. He turned his head quickly to look into the eyes of a square-shouldered young man, dressed as a woodsmen, yet obviously not a woodsmen of the usual type. This impression was confirmed when the cheery voice of the new comer, whom he guessed at once was the Foreman, broke the silence.

"So you visited us last night under rather unusual circumstances, eh?"

"It was rather unusual," Dan replied. "In fact, I don't know the whole story myself yet. But I'm mighty glad I'm here instead of frozen out in the woods."

Dan returned to his thoughts, and was lost in alternate periods of melancholy and hopelessness. His midday meal was brought to him by the cook and accompanied by a breeze of good cheer.

"Help me back to that bunk, mate" said Dan when the cook returned for the tin dinner. "I'll try and get a sleep."

This task was speedily performed by the strong arms of the cheerful cook, and Dan soon fell into a rather troubled sleep from which he was eventually aroused by the return of the gang. Dan scrambled painfully to the floor, congratulating himself that he was at least able to help himself to that extent, when his eyes fell upon the figure of Hank Hopgood coming through the bunkhouse door, and at the same moment, Hank, recognizing Dan stopped short with a stare of blank amazement.

(To be continued)

MOUNTAIN MOTHER'S
EASTER MORNING

(Continued from page 11)

deepest grave; and so, with a tide of vitality which came alone from her heart, she opened wide her arms, so long empty and hungering, and called back: "I am waiting for thee, as I have waited for fifteen years with my arms open!"

Then she laid her pale cheek, cold with the chill of death, against the face of her son, she prayed:

"O God! I thank thee that the pain and hunger of fifteen years has not been suffered all in vain! My prayers are answered and I may die while he is near!"

"God!" called the loud voice of the returned prodigal, "by the love by which Thou hast blotted out my sins, Thou wilt spare her!"

In the street without a man still stood staring helplessly at a forgotten trunk and a spilled dinner-pail, ejaculating continuously:

"Just in time, by gosh! The Salvation Army do heat everything!"

Outside a rose-covered cottage one can see, every sunny afternoon, a sweet little form, slightly bent, with silver-gray hair and two large soul-windows for eyes. She walks slowly around the small perennial garden, leaning upon the arm of a strong young man. On this particular day, when the heavens appeared to have forsaken every duty that cares the earth, if the one who saw had possessed as keen a capacity for hearing as the honeysuckle, he would have caught the words from the little mother's lips:

"I really do like her, Jim, for her own sweet self, and then all the more because she is a Salvationist. I confess that I was a little timid in case you fell in love with Ella Brooks, which would have meant your leaving The Salvation Army."

"Mother mine, never fear!" broke in the boy. The silver voice went on: "You know, Jim, I shall go into Heaven thanking God for The Salvation Army, for it was these self-sacrificing people who gave me back my life and you!"



CAMEOS

The Salvation Army

Prison Work

"Two men stood behind prison bars; one saw mud—the other stars."

IT is the glad purpose of The Salvation Army to bring to the inmates of prisons and penitentiaries in many parts of the world this vision of "stars." The most successful method in dealing with prisoners has ever been regenerative rather than punitive. The first points to the "stars," the other to the mud. We have always taken a keen interest in prison reform—yet it is our firm belief that the lasting cure for a prisoner's broken life is to be found in God alone. This is the basic principle of all Salvation Army Prison effort.

The Army Officer is a familiar figure in many of the court rooms of our Dominion, often securing leniency for the offender and guaranteeing the better conduct of the prisoner if surrendered into our care. When a prisoner's term expires, and he has no home to which he can go, our Prison Gate Officer meets him upon release. Temporary "board and lodging" is provided gratis until our Employment Department secures proper work for him. Personal communication is then maintained until the paroled prisoner has proven reliable and trustworthy in his new position. In this way we are able to lead thousands of men and women into the paths of moral rectitude and worthy citizenship.

Rescue

The work of rescuing unfortunate women is conducted in each of the Provinces included in the Canada West Territory, and Homes are established in Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver. This branch of service, important as it is, must, of necessity, remain in the background.

During the past year, 331 women and girls were sheltered in Salvation Army Rescue Homes throughout the West. When it is remembered that the great majority of these unfortunate were not merely assisted temporarily, but permanently rescued, and their children cared for and sheltered, either with the mother herself, or adopted into good homes, the magnitude of this work can be realized.

The fact that the children are cared for and saved, as far as humanly possible, from the blight which has fallen upon them at birth, commends this work in a double sense to the sympathy of the people of every land.

NO other organization quite so fully exemplifies the Christian religion. It includes all sects. It has no creed save that of the Word of God, as given by Christ, whose life is its only Guide. It does not quibble over verbal definitions. It does not dispute as to orthodoxy. It does not doubt nor seek new interpretations.

The life of Christ is to it, all-sufficient. It clearly sees the need and meets it. It never passes by the other side. If a man is in the gutter it goes into the gutter to get him out. It does not ask the need to come to it—it goes to the need. It goes in fellowship, in entire understanding, and with the confidence of a consecration, that it has what will meet that need whatever it may be.

Much was said about The Salvation Army during the war. It was no different then than before. It is no different now. It had the same human understanding of human beings.

It has no other instrument than the Christ religion. It knows no other impulse, no other reward, no other cure, no other relief. It takes nothing more with it than Christ took, and it has conclusively proved that nothing more is needed. Its leaves and lishes are made to feed the multitude. Its little goes far.

"THE GRACE"

Western Canada's Largest Maternity Hospital

IT is impossible to record the full romance of Grace Hospital in words. The story can be written and the results tabulated, but the heart-throbs, the faithless misery, the renewed hopes, the grip on life newly found, the unending service rendered, the tragedy of handicapped babyhood, the joy of the child gladly welcomed; the heart of Grace Hospital lies outside of the realm of ink and paper.

Within the walls of this stately pile a work of mercy and blessing is carried on, without ostentation, which has resulted in an ever-widening circle of grateful friends.

Amidst an atmosphere of unassuming efficiency, we find daily corroboration of the truth of the saying that "the best investment of all is that which calls for some degree of sacrifice, and which yields as interest the gratitude of our fel-lows." Members of the Nursing and Medical staffs of Grace Hospital are investing their time, strength, and ability in the maintaining and furthering of the work which has been entrusted to them, a work unique in its scope and influence. "Grace" as the Hospital is commonly termed, holds a record of advancement and achievement of which any institution might be justly proud. No fewer than 1360 babies were born within its walls last year.

In its dual capacity of Maternity Hospital and Resue Home, it meets the need of widely divergent sections of the community. The work of reclaiming fallen womanhood is pursued in the Resue section in a manner which has won the hearty approbation of all who have become familiar with it, and with marvelous results to those who have been "ministered unto." This work has been carried on at "The Grace" since its inception nearly twenty years ago. It is an entirely separate and distinct department; in fact it was originally the only department.

Another branch of its work deserving of mention is that conducted in the Children's Annex. Here, amidst helpful and healthy surroundings, the younger children of mothers who would otherwise be prevented from taking advantage of the comforts and conveniences of the Hospital, are cared for.

As the Easter War Cry may come into the hands of some who are unfamiliar with the work of Grace Hospital it is felt that we could not do better than quote from its charter, in order that its objects might become more widely known.

1. To provide medical treatment in time of need for friendless girls and women, regardless of nationality or religion.
2. To make like provision for mothers among the deserving poor.
3. To receive paying patients who prefer the treatment and convenience the Hospital affords to the best arrangements that can be made at home at such times.

Social Service

THE alleviation of human woe is not the chief end to which we work—but rather the means toward a greater end, even the regeneration of the soul. To answer the clamant calls of the poor, the forsaken, the wronged, the hungry, the naked, the sick, the tempted, and the outcast—and having supplied their need then lead them to God—is the only apology for the existence of The Army. And so long as conditions exist in which men may starve, innocent children and girls be deceived, and sin, sickness, death and sorrow be rampant—just so long will our many social activities remain in operation.

The Army's Helping Hand is extended into practically every conceivable type of human want and misery. It means sight to the blind in India, relief for the encaged lepers of Java, refuge for the outcast young girls of China and freedom for the criminals of India. It means, too, maternity hospitals for unmarried mothers, rescue homes for deserted women, Anti-Suicide Bureaux for the despairing, schools for the blind, dental, medicinal and surgical service for the thousands who would otherwise suffer. In fact, The Army's Social System is a gigantic organization of "humanity"; that is, men and women trained and skilled in dealing with the physical ills of the world's less fortunate peoples.

Migration

The Army's Migration Department has been in successful operation for many years. It is distinctly Imperialistic in its designs and functions for a "British Empire." In brief, it seeks to relieve the congested populations of Britain's overcrowded cities, and to transplant numbers of hedged-in city people to areas of wider opportunity in the Colonies of the Mother Land.

Officers give reliable counsel and assistance to those who seek new homes. Migration Parties, composed chiefly of women and children, are organized and personally escorted by experienced Officers from the port of embarkation to their destination. Upon arrival positions are found for any travelling under our care. We also undertake to keep in personal communication with the migrant for a period of at least four years after arrival.

A sub-department is now in operation for the convenience of those desiring to visit war graves in France and Belgium.

Hail, The Spring

(Continued from page 5)

The winter in China, in India, in the islands of the Sea is being. Christ has appeared, and the world will spread until this world is a golden springtime and winter's drive away by the singing of Song.

How far, my dear reader, is the springtime yours? Has the winter in your heart still unresponsive?

Winter represents darkness, means light. Winter represents coldness, the spring brings warmth. The freezing indifference of the winter represents lifelessness—no fruit—no flowers—no fragrance.

Winter represents lifelessness—no fruit—no flowers—no fragrance. Spring starts everything and advancing.

You may have had a long winter, but you think it must always be for you there comes the Easter morning. Christ has risen, and now His touch of life upon the winter, and to bring the singing of Music.

Music is generally associated.

Music is one of the characteristics.

Sin in the heart will keep the music out. Sin will kill the singing spirit. Let Christ into your heart, melt the snows of past wrongs, the desert to blossom, and the of joy, of peace, of happiness to Easter day will put your heart in sympathy with the gladness of time and with the spirit of His dawn.

"Oh great Friend of the universe! If thou art, Mosses look upon me; miserable unworthy creature I am. Have mercy! Oh Nazarene! Have mercy!" And the wretched child of the night pour forth her soul to The Man of His Dawn.

Then those matchless eyes Jesus grew radiant with Love-like She never forgot that judgment. No one can who but can look! No one can who but can look! A glimpse of Him for it is Father who looks out into me.

"Believest thou I am able to this?" asked the Nazarene. "Yea Lord, help Thou mine helper!" came the reply.

"Woman, thy faith hath ther whole."

There was a still moment, then the silence was rent by a startling cry from the woman uttered one word: "Mother!"

What a contrast between voice and the shrill ringing of "Unclean! Unclean!" just minutes before. But then always does make a change things!

"Why do you scream, daughter one of the Temple?"

"But my skin—see! It is creeping! I may return to my home! Look, Oh look! The sores are spreading—the sores fall! I feel again. Oh Mother!" Father said.

Then falling at the feet of the Liberator, in a sobbing voice with strong love she said:

"Oh strong Son of God, for my many sins. Jesus—Jesus—My Master! Thy vast mercy I Thee, I do swear by Heaven! Henceforth Joanna, of Nobe, henceforth Joanna, in proclaiming the healing Name of Jesus of cith."

The outburst of pent-up emotion won a smile of a smile from her Lord, while He and very tenderly touched brow in blessing. Joanna forgot that touch either! One can who has felt the blessed contact.

They pavloled. She watched pass into the shadows—



Social Service

The alleviation of human suffering is not the chief end which we work—but the means toward a higher end, even the regeneration of the soul. To answer the clamant calls of the forsaken, the sick, the hungry, the aged, the lonely, the tempted, the outcast—and having their need then lead to God is the only key for the existence of any. And so long as men exist in which men starve, innocent children girls are deceived, and sick, death and the regiments—just as will our many social services remain in operation. Army's Helping Hand includes practically conceivable type of want and misery. It is right to the blind for the emulators of Jesus, refuge for destitute young girls of India. It means, sterility hospitals for old mothers, rescue for deserted women, hide Bureaux for the training schools for the dental, medical and service for the disabled. In fact, the Army's System is a gigantic institution of "humanity"; men and women skilled in dealing with physical ills of the less fortunate.

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Department is now for the convenience those desiring to graves in France.

Hail, The Spring

(Continued from page 5)

The winter in China, in India, in Africa, in the Islands of the Sea is being broken; the risen Christ has appeared, and the joyful news will spread until this world is covered with eternal springtime and winter's darkness is driven away by the singing of the Easter Song.

How far, my dear reader, is this experience of springtime yours? Has the winter passed? Or, is your heart still unresponsive?

Winter represents darkness, springtime means light. Winter represents a season of coldness, the spring brings warmth and melts the freezing indifference of the past.

Winter represents lifelessness—no growth—no fruit—no flowers—in fragrance—no advance. Spring starts everything growing and advancing.

You may have had a long winter, and perhaps you think it must always remain, but for you there comes the Easter message. The Christ has risen, and now is passing by to put His touch of life upon the winter of the past, and to bring the singing time again.

Music is generally associated with joy. Music is one of the characteristics of Heaven. Sing in the heart will keep the music out. Unbelief will kill the singing spirit.

Let Christ into your heart, then love will melt the snows of past wrongdoing, will cause the desert to blossom, and the birds of love, of joy, of peace, of holiness to sing, and this Easter day will put your heart in touch and in sympathy with the gladness of the springtime and with the spirit of Heaven.

"Oh great Friend of the outcast—if thou art Messiah look upon a miserable unworthy creature in pity. Have mercy! Oh Nazarene! Saviour! Have mercy!" And this wretched child of the night poured forth her soul to The Man of Days.

Then those matchless eyes of Jesus grew radiant with love-light. She never forgot that pardoning look! No one can ever but capture a glimpse of Him for it is The Father who looks out into men's faces.

"Believest thou I am able to do this?" asked the Nazarene.

"Yea, Lord; though mine unbelief," came the reply.

"Woman, thy faith made thee whole."

There was a still moment. Suddenly the silence was rent by a startling cry from the woman. She uttered one word: "Mother!"

What a contrast between this voice and the shrill racing wail of "Unclein! Unclein!" just a few minutes before. But then Jesus always does make a change in things!

"Why do you scream, daughter?" queried one of the Twelve.

"But my skin—see! It is changing! I may return to my home! Look, Oh look! The sores are drying—the scales fall! I feel strong again. Oh Mother! Father!"

Then falling at the feet of her Liberator, in sooth voice toned with strong love she solemnly vowed:

"Oh strong Son of God, forgive my many sins. Jesus—Wonder Man—for Thy vast mercy I thank Thee. I do swear by all the stars circling the infinite Heaven that henceforth Joanna, of Noho, shall spend her days in proclaiming the healing Name of Jesus of Nazareth."

The outburst of penitence and promise won a smile of approval from her Lord while He stooped and very tenderly touched her brow in blessing. Joanna never forgot that touch either! No one can who has felt the blessed contact.

Thus purified, she watched them pass into the shadow—then fled

Through Struggle to Triumph

By Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Morris

CROSS bearing is never easy. How some people shrink from it and lose ground in their experience. When they fail to do God's bidding they yield to the temptations of the enemy, and the blessing—resistance to his wiles and devices would bring them—is lost.

Christ, before the Crucifixion, felt the Cross weigh heavily upon Him. He became depressed and sorrowful. He knew that He was approaching a crisis in His life, and feeling the pressure of the burden He longed for a place of solitude where He could pour out His soul in prayer.

Gethsemane was His favorite spot. He knew its quiet retreats and leafy trees so protecting in their generous expanse. So He wended His way thither with three of His disciples. The journey was one of agony for the Master. In spirit He was already carrying the Cross. Every step of the way was hard and difficult; sadness of mind and spirit was accentuated by knowledge of what was to happen on the morrow. How Satan must have struggled for victory in those fatal hours. How subtle must have been his encadavers to get Jesus to doubt the wisdom of His Father! How He must have called into operation the full display of his evil powers.

The victory won by our Lord and Master on His way to the Garden was but a thrilling prelude to the final triumph. As He knelt to pray, the cold dew of the night fell upon His tired form, and from His lips came that cry, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done."

What of the disciples? They deeply regretted seeing their Master, who was as a rule calm and peaceful, now sorrowful; but their bodies were tired and sleep overtook them. Our Saviour was left to agonize alone. He was human as well as Divine and how it would have comforted Him to know that human sympathy was so near. But all seemed dark. No sympathizing countenance greeted Him. Those who should have helped Him in the period of His agony were fast asleep. Had they known that it was The Master's last night they would not have yielded to slumber. He agonized and suffered alone, but there came a direct answer to prayer, for we are told that an angel came and strengthened Him. The victory was won! On the morrow they crucified Him, and on that great day He gave Himself a ransom for the whoremonger.

Reader, if it be that you are unconvinced, aroused from the slumber of sin and let the Sun of Righteousness shine into your soul. Christ is the world's Redeemer. By His agony in the Garden, by His suffering on the Cross, the way to Heaven was opened for the Nations. Turn your eyes to a future, repeat in your sin and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ then shalt be saved!

The Dawn A Conceivable Story of the Long Ago

(Continued from page 13)

as fast as her mind finds would carry her towards destruction.

Rome had hindered His first encounter—The Baptist. Great was she not afraid to die for Him.

And as she ran she repeatedly whispered, "My Jesus! My Jesus!"

The Dawn

"If thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross." Joanna stood midst the howling mob that greeted Him and bid Him choose the easier way. She had stood by the Tree in the terrific heat of the noonday sun while the mocking rabble wagged their heads, spat their spittle and tauntingly hooted, "Come down."

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." She had witnessed the dying thief in the agony of death's grip as in desperation he pleaded for mercy.

She had seen pitying eyes turn and pale like answer without a note of resentment or suggestion of the moral distance between villainy and purity—"To-day shalt thou be with Me!" "To-day!" and "With Me!"

In after years how she rejoiced to tell the story of The First trophy of the Cross and how Christ thought of his penitence and forgot his thievry!

"Father, into Thy arms I commend My Spirit." In the darkness she had heard the last labored breath of the dying Saviour as the Father's Hands closed about His spirit; and with her hands clasped tightly about His head,

she feared the Cross with its precious burden would be uncrowned. Her fingers still clutched from clapping the rugged Tree at its base lest the sacred body be mutilated in the fall.

She had accompanied the devout Joseph and faithful Nicodemus when they gently unplied their Lord from His rude resting place and lovingly wrapped His body in

She had shuddered as they handed the crude wooden pegs that fastened the crucifixion post to His hands and feet to the beams. One of the pegs dropped near her feet; she snatched it and picked it up. It was blood-stained.

"Dear Redeemer—how it pains me to have hurt!" she had whispered as riveting tears coursed down her cheeks. "I shall weep it in my bosom as an ever present reminder of Thy suffering—and those mangled Hands and torn Feet."

And now she grasped firmly the blood-stained peg that had so cruelly wounded her Friend—and in the deep black of the night it seemed to bring His Presence near.

"Mary, doesn't it seem a hour while since He left?"

"Ah Joanna, I could not rest since we laid Him in that dark tomb last sundown. I do fear the stars will no more shine," spoke the Magdalene.

"True, the Master said He was the Light of the world—and now the Light is out. What if the sun should rise no more! Oh Mary, what a tragedy was Calvary!"

Then spoke that other Mary, James' mother. "Have heart, true friends; do you not recall that Jesus spoke something about rising again on the third day?"

"Ah Mary, you were ever loyal to Him. You make me feel the Dawn may yet be near!" spoke Joanna. "But let us hasten that we may fulfil our mission."

And now those who had loved Him best, seek Him, the Object of their choicest affection—but alas, among the dead. Human nature has been running true to form for two thousand years—and men still seek Him in dead churches, dead books, dead theologies, dead creeds. We never find Him there! Nor did they.

A black mass loomed ahead—just barely visible in the semi-darkness. It was the sepulchre, the earthless love she burst into a run and sped toward Noho.

She would be the first! She, a

woman, would have the pre-emi-

nent place in telling the Resurrec-

tion Story to her dear waiting

mother and father—and then?

Well then, she'd tell the world

about the dawn of the first Easter

morning!

"All around—all around
Solemn darkness reigned profound,
Till with blaze and sudden thunder"

Angels burst the tomb asunder

And the Saviour was unbound!"

As they hastened amid earth-shock prostrated the ground at the sepulchre. An Ussher had reached low from the Sky, grasped with the dead and with a mighty crash the stone was dislodged.

"And the Saviour was unbound!"

"Just before the break of day three worms received the tomb. And heart that had already been wrung by pain found added sorrow. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him!" they cried. "Someone has stolen His body!"

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" This arresting question met their eyes—a rebuke and they looked into the luminous countenance of an Angel.

"He is not here, but has risen!" announced the Angel.

"Not here!"

Joanna's heart beat wildly. She thrust her hand into her bosom and touched the wooden nail that spoke of His dying—then viewed with reverential fear the empty tomb that spoke of His rising.

As if constrained by a phenomenal magnetism she turned from the tomb toward the daybreak, just under the first rays of the incoming sun rose over Noho—over the loved ones who patiently waited—and the hills.

The sun rose in the setting of long ago, and beckoned her toward Jerusalem. Now at day-dawn it bade her "come home."

And with all the passion of a

deathless love she burst into a run and sped toward Noho.

She would be the first! She, a

woman, would have the pre-emi-

nent place in telling the Resurrec-

tion Story to her dear waiting

mother and father—and then?

Well then, she'd tell the world

about the dawn of the first Easter

morning!

**WAUD PROCLAIM
THE RESURRECTION!**

Allegro.
 Key A, 16. | d : - d d d , s. : m. , s. | d : d l : s. | m : m m m , r : d |

f

1. Praise God! our Saviour Christ has ris-en! Praise God our Je-sus lives a-
 2. Praise God; we thro' our ris-en Saviour, His re-su-rect-ion pow'r rob.
 3. Praise God! thro' Christ the ris-en Saviour, We're more than conq'rors all the
 & Praise God! thro' Christ our ris-en Saviour, The power and sting of death is

p *cres.* *mf*

gain. Tho' sin and hell did struggle To bind Him fast with death's cold chain, Yet
 tain, We once in sins were buried, And Sa-tan held us as his slain; But
 way, For He is al-ways with us, To be our Keeper Help, and Stay, From
 gone! For death by Christ was vanquish'd, And life e-ter-nal for us won, So

f

He with more strength than a conq'ror, O'ercame him who held fast the pow'r of death, And
 Christ, with a voice that's Al-mighty, A-woke us from out of hell's sleep of death, And
 sin, with Christ near, we're kept cleansed, The world, with Christ here, has no charm for us, The
 when we shall come to death's ri-ver, Our Christ in us then will our Saviour be, Be-

dim. *mf*

out from death's gloom, And out from death's tomb, Went forth to declare He ev-er liv-eth,
 out from sin's gloom, And out from hell's tomb, We came, showing plainly that Christ liv-eth,
 do-vil may tempt, He fails in th'attempt, His wiles, with Christ near do not a-larm us,
 cause He does live, Our life He'll re-ceive, Spoil hell of its prey to all e-ter-nity.



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When Dan

And the danger that thy soul that sinneth it shall die!"
 Young man! Young v